THE JEWISH TIMES.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

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Poetry.

KISSES.

Little child, when twilight shadows
Close the western gates of gold,
Then the loving arms of mother
Tenderly about thee fold.
Over lip, and cheek, and forehead,
Like a shower, caresses fall;
For a mother's kiss at twilight
Is the sweetest kiss of all.

Pretty maiden at the gateway,
Shy sweet face and downcast eyes,
Two white trembling hands imprisoned,
How the golden moment flies!
Lips that softly pressed thy forehead,
All the rosy blushes call;
For a lover's kiss at twilight
Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband,
More than half a lover yet—
For those sunny hours of wooing
Are too sweet to soon forget—
On thy smiling lips uplifted,
Full of love his kisses fall,
For the husband's kiss at parting
Is the dearest kiss of all.

Weary mother, little children
With their dimpled hands so fair,
Passing over cheek and forehead,
Soothe away all pain and care;
Lead your doubting heart to heaven,
Where no dreary shadows fall!
For the sinless kiss of childhood
Is the purest kiss of all.

Miscellany.

ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

BY J. S. L.

[WRITTEN FOR "THE JEWISH TIMES."]

The happiest moments of my life must ever be those wherein I cast a look backwards to the time of my youth, the time where even in my blessed parents humble home the world looked easy to conquer. I can close my eyes and with a pleasure not unmixed with a vague fear recall every little detail of my childhood's home. My father was an humble man, a tailor by profession, who worked late into the night to win for his family an honest support and to give his children an education that would fit them to battle with the world. My mother! the tears spring into my eyes as I write the word. I am now looking back for many years. The hard toil of a troublesome life has left me a man inclined to be cynical—to find fault with all the good God has seen fit to burden me with. Yet the keen pain and pleasure as I recall my mother reconciles me to everything, and I bless the Almighty for having given me a mother whom I can recall with a love and pride that makes me a man again whenever her memory is present. She was a woman who to my eyes, as I have grown to know the world, was a heroine—one whose memory is kept green from generation to generation and whose holy influence will be felt in times to come. We were seven children, ranging from two to fourteen years. I was the oldest and had the honor of proudly boasting of the help I rendered my parents, because I was apprenticed to a watchmaker and was already earning enough to buy my clothing. We occupied but three rooms. The one nearest the shop served as a kitchen, dining-room and sitting room, the others were used as sleeping apartments. Particularly on Friday night was the dining-room cheerful. Ours was a family bound together by the holiest ties of affection. My father was a quiet sensible man, given to dreaming a great deal, and who looked up to my mother as as an oracle of wisdom and good management. My mother in return cheerfully took up her burdens day by day, looking upou her husband with an affectionate, tender, brooding love, which in her womanly self-sacrificing way longed to shelter him from the pitiless world. From the example set by our own parents, we learned to look with awe and deep respect on each of them. We were taught that self sacrifice was a lesson that every human being must sooner or later learn, and that unselfishness was the highest and most admirable trait in a true son of Israel. The coming home from my work on the Friday nights was an endless joy to me. On crossing the threshhold I beheld the shining table humbly decked with such riches of plate and glass as our house possessed. The floor scrupulously neat and sanded, the chairs set aronnd and every face, from the youngest to that of my blessed parents, smiling a welcome at me. Before my father was set the Friday night loaf of bread in the shape of a twist, thickly strewn with poppy-seed, aud on the snowy cloth, in front of my father and my chair, was placed the "Tefilloh." After the blessing was asked we partook of the meal prepared by my dear mother, who, upon clearing the table and generally putting the room to rights, sat down among her children, who one and all nestled close to her side, to listen to the prayers offered by my father and his explanation of the Holy Word. We were sitting quietly around the table, on a Friday evening, enjoying the stories of my father as he related a part of the history of his childhood and the home and country wherein he was born. To me these simple tales, and the description of the quaint village and its people, were truly delightful. I dwelt upon every word with a feeling of pride for my father, who became so absorbed in his topic that all of us became somewhat imbued with his enthusiasm. The story was becoming more interesting as it proceeded, when suddenly the door was opened—the little shop bell tinkled, although the shutters were closed—and a man stood in the doorway, he was tall and slightly bent, his black eyes were sparkling with excitement and his bony hands were working convulsively. Both my parents rose to receive him, invited him to be seated. Without speaking a word, he threw himself into a chair, giving my mother a look, even to me, boy as I was, the look was expressive of the deepest sorrow. He bowed his head upon his hands, leaning upon the table, and gave a wild convulsive sob. To see a strong man weep is perhaps the most affecting sight a human being can behold. I bowed my head, inwardly weeping, for the sorrows of the stranger. Scarcely a minute had passed since the stranger had entered our house and already a gloom had been wrought over all of us even to the youngest, a strange contrast to the interest and happiness expressed in every countenance only a short time ago. I looked up and saw my mother in her intensely sympathetic way looking at the man, she placed one hand very lightly on his chair, asking him with tears in her eyes what she could do for him. He looked up and caught the merciful expression of her face, instantly a sense of relief seemed to pass over his face. In the old fashioned manner he slightly raised her hand, and barely touched it with his lips. The action to my young eyes was so fraught with respect and reverence that a mighty pride for my dear mother welled up in my heart, and the stranger became immediately my friend. He told his tale hurriedly. He was a poor teacher who had striven day by day to earn a livelihood in our poor neighborhood, but had not succeeded very well since he was a stranger living poorly with one little daughter, who a few nights before had sickened of a dangerous and contagious disease. Up to that evening poor women of the neighborhood had faithfully attended the little motherless child; but at the dangerous stage of the disease in fear for their own families, had left her to die without a womanly hand to smooth the dying pillow. The father almost distracted with fear for the death of his child, and driven to desperation by the child's delirious cry for her dead mother, wandered out of the house ready to beg on his knees, the charity of the first womanly form he should meet. Chance made him wander down our street, the faint light through the shutter attracted his attention, the name over the door decided him, he knew it was a Jewish name, and so he entered. His tale was told with a simplicity and a hurriedness that left no doubt as to the truth of it on his hearers minds, before he could put his request in words, my mother had thrown a shawl over her head, bade my sister, next to me in age, take care of the little ones, and beckoned the stranger to follow, I looked around surprised at my father, but she understood him too well to ask or even consult him in a matter of charity. As I gazed upon my father I saw his lips tremble, and his eyes wet with unshed tears, if he did not give it words he looked a blessing upon his wife, as she left him on her errand of mercy. The child did not die, perhaps it was owing to my mothers efforts, perhaps it was only chance. Yet in the month that followed, in the dark gloom of sickness and death, that overspread our household. My parents had little time to think of aught, save their own dear ones. Ths disease spread in our neighborhood, I always believed it reached our house through the ministrations of my mother on the strangers child. At any rate he came off and on, in his tall awkward way, helping here and there, speaking words of comfort, and assisting wherever he could, never tiring looking with respect and awe upon the woman, who at the risk of so much came to his aid. I now believe that he blamed himself for the misfortune that befell us, for I remember one night while he was watching by the bedside of one of my little brothers. Unseen myself I heard him pray so fervid and holy, so full of enthusiasm, so full of trust in the good ness of the God of Israel, did his trembling words seem that tears filled my eyes as I silently went up to him, and involuntarily raised his hand to my lips as I had seen h m do. He looked surprised, yet a calm settled down on both of us as he clasped me in his arms, as he asked me to repeat a simple Hebrew prayer. I did so and had just finished when a movement of the sick child attracted our attention. He moved nearer the bed, instantly he called for a light, which I brought to him, I heard him say, "Your parents quick, call them!" I did so. Both were at the child's side in a moment, as I came near I only heard the prayer "Shema Jisroel," repeated twice and I was led away by my mother, who told me with a dry sob and a look that I will never forget that my little brother was dead. I will not dwell upon the sorrows of a month. The time passed away and a month had sped since the stranger had entered our house, yet what a change. This Friday night as we sat around the table, it seemed to us all as if the very dearest one in the whole flock had been taken away. Again my father read the prayers that I was wont to hear, he told the stories over again of the heroes in Israel. I looked at my mother, perhaps the quiet time and the remembrance of the other Friday night, made her sob and long for her lost angel. I could not help the feeling that arose in my boyish heart, the feeling that all sorrow was brought upon us by the stranger. In my youthful haste I took my mother's hand and said: "It is his fault. Why did he ever enter here?" My mother arose, put her arms around my neck and kissed me, saying: "Hush child we must blame no human being. Nor should I complain there are so many beloved ones still around me." I never want to forget the love in that look as she glanced around at us all. I heard my fathers sweet voice faintly reading from the holy writ, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." That night I retired with a feeling that the remembrance of the blessed Friday evening, as passed in my fathers house should always remain with me and it has.

THE "HOME OF PEACE."

[WRITTEN FOR THE "JEWISH TIMES."]

"Ah, how many wait forever
For the steps that do not come—
Wait until the pitying angels
Take them to their peaceful home."

In view of the provision of the proposed Charter which the Board of Freeholders will soon submit to our citizens for adoption, viz: to close all burial grounds within the city limits after 1885. I thought it well to devote a few leisure hours to visiting the last resting place of those whom we knew in life; and as I entered the cemetry, "Home of Peace," belonging to the Temple Emanu-El, the words of the Masonic burial service occurred to me, "It is passing strange with the evidences of morality which daily pass through the streets, so many of us go on laying out plans for the future—all heedless of our own frailty—until at last we are stricken down in the midst of our work, and are suddenly called upon to pay Nature's debt;" and it was with feelings of unusual reverence that I entered the grounds. The cemetery, "Home of Peace" is on the slope of a hill, beautifully located between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, Dolores and Church streets, and contains a block 540x560 feet. It is owned by members of the Congregation Emanu-El, and the Eureka Benevolent Society, and was founded July 25th, 1860, since which time there have been eleven hundred and forty interments. A vast amount of money has been spent in improvements, and, as a consequence, the grounds present a very fine appearance, and are visited by large numbers. The main entrance is on Dolores street, but the street not being graded, a roadway has been made from the corner of Eighteenth street; as you enter—by a slight ascent—you see spread before you a well ordered garden with winding walks, neatly trimmed with thyme borders, and containing aloe, giant cactus, yew, myrtle, arbor, vital and bridal-wreath, together with a pleasing variety of other plants and flowers, which have all been placed there by the present Superintended, Mr. B. E. Van Straaten, who has spared no pains to decorate the cemetery—as well as to keep it in perfect order—and who has bestowed special care upon the quiet homes of those who have gone before us, and who rest in "that peace which Earth can neither give or take away." The plants and flowers present so pleasing an appearance to the eye, that a visitor imagines he is entering a park or garden instead of a cemetery, and the natural view, the sloping terraces, the neatly trimmed trees, and marble monuments would make quite a good subject for an artist's brush. I was told by the Superintendent, that it was his intention to have photographic views of the cemetery taken, and I am sure that the "City of the Dead" will find a place upon the walls of many houses whose occupants have laid a part of their affections in the graves of loved ones. Promenading through the cirnintous paths above mentioned, you arrive at the "Matar" house—a gothic building—whose front walls are covered—from corner-stone to cap-stone—with a profusion of pink roses, presenting a rich, as well as rare sight. The east wall is completly covered with ivy, presenting a refreshing view to the eye, and the entire building is surrounded by a bed of choice and fragrant flowers. Descending the steps on the west side of the building, and crossing one of the fifteen-feet driving roads, you pass under an arch covered with honeysuckle and woodbine, to a walk lying between two large beds bordered with sweet elysium and feather pinks. Looking on either side, you would hardly think that you had arrived so near the graves of those who are sleeping "the sleep of the just," because the flowers which the Superintendant has placed there in artistic round, square, diamond and star shapes, by their fragrance and variation of tints attract the senses ot smelling and seeing, and thus relieve for a moment the solitude and grief of those whose visits are sad and sorrowful. Fronting this walk is a handsome circular fountain, in the basin of which gold fish and other members of the finny tribe swarm in abundance of clear water. On the south side, the large odd, half oval-shaped lot of the Friedlander family attracts attention for its simplicity and neatness, the whole plot, excepting the mound, presenting the appearance of a green velvet carpet of fine, closely trimmed lawn grass. On the upper corner of the lot is a "rockery," planted with Messembryanthum ferns, palms, etc. Two handsome marble vases, raised on high pedestals, are placed on the monument, at the base of which is a sheaf of wheat, emblamatic of victory, and suggesting the Bible phrase, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?" The grave itself is carpet-bedded with violets, the initials I. F. being made with pelargoriums. Some of the tombstones and epitaphs are worthy of a visitor's attention. In the plot owned by Isaack Kohn, are two monuments which deserve especial notice, one of them being over the grave of "Josephine," daughter of Isaack and Elizabeth V. Kohn. The marble was obtained from Vermont, and was sculptured by Pietro Mezzra. On the top is a little child seated upon a cushion, holding a pigeon in her hand, and being a perfect portrait of the little one sleeping in the pious bosom of mother Earth. The workmanship is particularly fine, and artistically designed. The plot contains a Laurestina tree, trimmed square, and a Eugenia Mystefolia trimmed in a round shape. The epitaph is as follows:

"Step lightly, stranger, by this grassy mound.
It is the resting place of one we loved.
Oh, lightly tread—for it is hallowed ground,
And holds the ashei of our dove,
Though now her angel spirit lies above."

On another monument is carved a ship, the tomb being on the grave of a Mr. Schoenbar who died at sea. Over the grave of Bertha, daughter of L. Myerstein, is a handsome marble stone, the inscriptian being in a perfect oval or ellipse, above which are the words, "Our Darling," and underneath the verse:

"She came to the world with the loveliest flowers
Are ever the first to fade—
She bloomed like the rose, a few brilliant hours,
And then like the rose decayed."

The design for this monument, as well as that of a similar one in the Mandelbaum plot, was made by Leopold Kohn, Esq., the cutting of the stone being by W. H. McCormick. In the Hecht plot stands a stone surmounted by a figure of "Hope," whilt in another portion of the cemetery will be seen a stone, on the top of which is a broken vase, at the base of which is the legend, "It will be mended yonder." Over the grave of Henry Stern—brother of David Stern, Esq., President of the Cemetery—stands a handsome monument of white marble, from the epitaph of which I selected the following verse:

"Our life how short—a groan—a sigh—
We live and then begin to die.
But oh, how great a mercy this,
That Death's a portal unto bliss."

I noticed it was to the memory of one who had died—suddenly, I was informed—at an age when life presents its brighest views. Further on, one would notice a modest stone, marking the resting place of four young men who perished in 1851, in a fire at the corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets. The grave of Mrs. Flora Frank, who died but a few months since, has a bed of violets, the word "Flora" being handsomely made of pelargoriums. In the Cahn plot are the Sapanese Juniper (dwarf), and Monterey cypress, the former of which is interesting, because there are said to be but three in this city. Many other interesting features of the "Home of Peace" might be mentioned, but time admonished me that I had to bring my visit to an end. And as I passed out the gate, I found myself reflecting upon the vanity of all human things, and repeating the words of the wise preacher: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

J. P. J.

A Valuable Secret.

It is related of Franklin that from the window of his office in Philadelphia, he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others at work on a house being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day, Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "It's no secret, Doctor," replied the man; "I've got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and then the tea is sure to be ready; and as we chat in the evening, I find that she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody." And Franklin adds: "What an influence, then, hath wonan over the heart of man to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then: a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy.

The Morocco Conference.

The assemblage of representatives of Europern Powers, at present holding its sittings in the capital of Castile, is an object of vital importance to the Jews. Indeed, the liberty, the well-being of scores of thousands of our co-religionists, and in some cases, perhaps, even their very existence, are dependent on the result of the deliberations of the Morocco Conference of Madrid. So momentous an issue has not been at stake since Prince Bismarck received petitions on behalf of the Roumanian Jews, at the Berlin Conference of the Great Powers. The Moors, the degenerate descendants of the brave, chivalrous and brilliant race which once conquered Spain and long befriended their distant kinsmen the Jews, have sunk into profound ignorance and base fanaticism. For many years the Jews of Morocco have been the objects of ill-treatment, oppression, and cruelties of every description. Not only are they excluded from civil and political rights—these are matters of comparatively small importance—but their lives and limbs are at the mercy of the first native ruffian, who chooses from mere wantonness to shoot or hack an Israelite in the streets of a city. The Jews have no legal redress against Moslems, and the testimony of Jews and infidels is not accepted as law as against Mahommedans. The situation of the Jews in the country is such that they would hail with joy any change. Several cases of unusual barbarity practiced against the unhappy descendants of Jacob, have been on various occasions brought before the notice of prominent men in this country. The distinguished philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, startled by a cry of distress from his coreligionists, visited Morocco in 1864, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, proceeded to the capital and pleaded personally before the Emperor the cause of the suffering Jews. Sir Moses Montefiore received fine words, which went the way of most promises. He even obtained a firman placing Mahommedans and infidels on the same footing; but the document, unfortunately, turned out little better than useless parchment. It was impossible to enforce its provisions; the native tribunals could afford the Jews no protection, and safety was only found under the ægis of a European flag. The Moors stand in wholesome dread of European intervention, the Spanish war having taught them a useful lesson. Owing to the uncertain state of so-called justice in the East and to the peculiarities of the Mahommedan law, Europeans have for centuries enjoyed the privilege of immunity from native tyranny. Foreign subjects of Christian Powers in Turkey and Egypt, through certain treaties, were placed beyond the jurisdiction of the States under which they nominally lived, and could only be tried for their offences by their own Consular Courts. A similar system has long obtained in Morocco, where England and the Meditterranean States hold treaties, signed at different periods, giving them especial rights over their own subjects. All Ministers, Consuls, and Consular agents in Morocco grant grotection to the native members of their households, from the Dragoman downward. They, moreover, may protect natives by making them subjects of the respective countries represented by each individual Minister or Consul.

Christians in Morocco dwell in perfect safety under the privileges accorded to their various nationalities. It is only the unhappy Jews who fall victims to the ferocity of the Moor. They have no friends and they may be hit hard with impunity. Mr. Serjeant Simon, M. P., in the address he delivered before Lord Granville in introducing a Deputation from the Board of Deputies and the Anglo-Jewish Association, stated that among other barbarous acts, Jews were forced to remove their sandals in the streets, and occasionally pieces of broken glass were strewed along to injure the bare-footed Jews; that even fair and handsomely attired Jewesses were seen in the streets with uncovered feet; that Jewish women were requisitioned to sew clothing for the army, and those who refused to do it were flogged; that Jews were frequently brutally murdered, and that in one place thirty children were found rendered orphans by this cause. He also recounted the case of Elaloof who was burnt to death with petroleum. The only check to this unbridled cruelty and persecution is foreign protection. The person of a poor Jewish consular servant is sacred. He is a "Roman citizen." The wealthiest merchant, be he one of the heads of the congregation, walks stealthily along the streets with crouching gait, for he is exposed to contumely, plunder and personal ill-treatment. The number of Jews protected by foreign governments amounts to only 103, but as it is not always known who are the individuals thus privileged, the fact of the existence of such protection has hitherto helped the Jews materially, at least in seaport towns. The authorities of Morocco are now desirous of abolishing the European right of protection to foreign subjects, and it seems that the British Minister at Tangier upholds these views, on the plea that the system frequently leads to irregularities and abuses. It is also alleged that foreign subjects being exempted from taxation, the revenue of the country suffers in consequence. It is of course possible that exceptional cases of irregularity and even fraud may have occurred, but so far from the practice exciting a feeling of animosity against the Jews, and injuriously affecting their position, it forms their only shield against degradation and ill-usage. The mere rumor that the European Consuls are likely to withdraw their protection, has had a sinister effect. Formerly these officials granted to persons of respectability fearing ill-treatment, a document called Chamia, which was a kind of safeguard especially useful in the interior where the Consuls do not reside. Now this advantage will cease, and Jews may be freely assaulted and beaten by a Mahomedan. False witnesses may be produced who will swear that the Jew was the aggressor, and the unhappy Israelite may be dragged to a dungeon, and condemned to be severely flogged, tortured and finally fined. At any time after the withdrawal of protection, the Jews will be exposed to a wholesale massacre, and so afraid are they of such consequences that many of those who have the means will undoubtedly leave their native land.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

An Unlucky Juliet.

The juvenile leading lady, a good actress and very pretty woman by the way, and a young mother, was cast to play Julies in "Romeo and Juliet." Her baby had been placed in her dressing-room for security, and to be near the mother. But just before the balcony scene the young tyrant became unruly and impossible to control. What was to be done? A mother's tact hit upon the true soothing syrup. She nestled the infant to her breast, and from that moment the young villain became silent as a mouse. Being called, she hastily mounted the rostrum that supported the supposed balcony, throwing a lace scarf over her shoulders, which concealed the little suckling; and, leaning over the balcony, with the other arm pensively placed upon her cheek, she looked the picture of innocence and beauty. The scene opened and went glowingly. But, alas! Juliet has to appear and disappear three times; and in hear effort to do so gracefully, and yet conceal the child, she stumbled against the iron brace that held up the frail structure. Down fell the balcony, and, lo! the love-lorn maiden was discovered with a baby at her breast—seated on a tub, that served for a stool, and at her foot, accidenly placed there by the thirsty carpenter, was a quart pot. The said carpenter was discovered on all fours, steadying with his back the ricketty structure above. Shrieks of laughter from all parts of the house greeted the *tableau*, and of the play no more was heard that night.—*From "Raudom recollections of an old actor."*

A Conqueror's Tomb.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon, a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity, and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rests at last the ashes of the relentless man! I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide, I saw him at Toulon, I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris, I saw him at the head of the army of Italy, I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi, with the tri-color in his hand, I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids, I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags.

I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic, in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who had ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and wear wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door, and grapes growing purple with the kisses of the Autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children on my knees, and their arms about me.

How can we measure the sins of others except by our own? We know their virtues better than we do their vices, and our own vices better than our virtues. This should teach us to obey the injunction to esteem others better than ourselves.

Next to space hope is the most boundless thing in all creation.

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San Francisco, Friday, June 25, 1880.

WE SEE that the question of a new ritual for the Independent Order B'nai B'rith is again agitated, and will no doubt ere long assume the usual rebellious attitude in the several lodge rooms. It is an undeniable fact that continual meddling with such matters very seldom accomplishes good. The present ritual, revised and promulgated but nine months ago, will do very well, and though the Constitution Grand Lodge will not again convene until several years hence, we trust the matter will meet with prompt rebuke as soon as it is touched upon, and the meddlers hushed as they deserve.

NEXT to the indulgence of intoxicating liquors, the debauchery in sensational reading is the most prolific source of crime; and it is the pernicious fountain from which plan all social evils, great and small. The habitual reading of trashy, sensational serials create an abnormal taste for the unreal; this incites a love for gossip and slander. Wicked and mysterious tales must be kept afloat, no matter at what cost. We are not speaking now of licentious literature; but of that kind of reading openly indulged in by hundreds of families; of such journals as one may see any day in the hands of our young men and women, our boys and girls. They are taken openly into schoolrooms, and read in parlors, in cars, and ferry-boats, and it is heart-sickening to witness the eagerness with which they are claimed at the news-stand, or bookstore on the day of their anticipated appearance. We do not say that any one of these unnatural weekly tales are hurtful—taking each one separately, they are probably no more than foolishness is sin; but when even "the thought of foolishness is sin," can we too seriously warn against this written folly? We do not assert that any of these tales are impure, but we do *know* that the constant perusal of such literature is decidedly injurious to body, mind and spirit, that it is eminently fitted to unfit its lovers for usefulness in this life.

Religion and Intellect.

The idea that the Holy writ can be best appreciated by ignorant and uncultured minds, that ripeness of knowledge destroys the bloom of our piety, robs it of all simplicity and fervour, is erroneous. Is a student of science more incapable than a ploughman to discern the beauty of the dew-drop as it glitters in the sunshine? Does his knowledge of the process of its formation and of the forces, powerful even in their gentleness, of which it is the result, take away the charm which entrances him? The botanist who labors diligently in his herbarium to understand the principles of growth in the vegetable world, to watch the formation of cellular and vascular tissues, of stem and of leaves, and who further classifies the various specimens he has collected, that he may trace the operation of one great law under manifold diversities of form, is he debarred from admiring the wild luxuries of Nature, or rendered insensible to the majesty of her forests, the graceful form of her plants, and the requisite colors of her flowers. The astronomer who has mastered all the hard and dry details of his science, can delight in the gorgeous splendor of the heavens, not less than the simple minded rustic of the last generation, who knew no distinction between a star and a plant, and who would have stood aghast at the thought that the earth moves round the sun. Knowledge enhances our conceptions of the greatness of the universe, produces in us feelings of profound veneration for the majesty of its Creator, and clothes our thoughts of His love in the hues of a richer glory. And so it will be found that a scientific acquaintance with the facts of religious life, will by no means divest them of their wonderous and many sided charms. The strong glare of knowledge will not dim their splendor, or reduce them to a level of dull common place. If we keep true at heart, we shall not lose the child-like simplicity of our faith, or be deprived of a full and spontaneous joy in our communion with God. QUIVER.

Entre Nous.

For my part I should like to be a certain piece of wood. This may seem a strange wish, since no human being likes to be called woodeny, and for this same desire you have a right to accuse me of being a block-head; but the wish is, nevertheless, in my heart. Of course I should like to be one particular piece of wood, say the top of a counter at a certain cigar stand on Kearney street. Just think! what gossip I could then relate. The little pet hobbies I'd know of Miss Soandso, as told by one of her gentleman visitors; or the cost of Miss Nicegirl's latest toilet, as computed by some gentlemen in the furnishing and drygoods line. The cruel treatment Miss Fretful receives at the hands of her papa and mamma, who are of the old school, and believe in directing the tastes of their child as to with whom she associates. What delectable stories I could relate about Mr. Neverhome's losses at the club—or rather winnings. Neverhome never tells what losses he sustains. And the loves of Mr. Mashem, who spends most of his time around the counter, lounging idly around the streets with apparently nothing to do but to smoke a cigar and out-stare any lady who may happen to pass by, and then to turn around and pass some pleasant remark about her, something after this style: "Fine girl; dresses well; had a chance to marry her once—but you know—" A smile suggestive of vapidity, another stare and a meaning smile at some coming female dressed in the highest of fashion, and so on from day to day. But my wish is not likely to come true, and I may yet remain a block-head, without any hope of ever becoming a part and parcel of the envied counter.

It has become a fashion among those belonging to the *haut ton* to give kettledrums and garden parties. I have been watching the daily papers and perusing the fashion notes with a curiosity almost amounting to fervor in the hope of coming across an announcement in which is stated that Mrs. Abraham A——, or Mrs. Isaac B——, or even Mrs. Jacob C——, would on a certain day entertain a number of friends at a kettledrum. I hope when such an affair takes place, the cards will expressly state that it will be a *Kosher* kettledrum.

A certain young lady of my acquaintance, and who, also enjoys the friendship of many in this community, declared last week that she would not allow any of her gentlemen friends to pay two dollars for a seat at the Baldwin to see Miss Neilson or any one else. Said the young lady to me: "I feel delicate in refusing to go to theatre, yet I do not think it right to accept a favor, which at the prices charged for admission becomes an expensive obligation, and since I cannot put myself under obligation to any one, I deem it more polite to refuse, even at the risk of offending." You see, continued she, "I would not go with my brother for the same reason, and why should I not take my friends into consideration." I left the young lady with a feeling of pride at being called her friend.

I heard a rumor the other day which I am sorry to say proved true, so far as I can learn. There is no occasion, however, for every friend and acquaintance to make up a story regarding the why and wherefore of the engagement being broken off. No doubt, both the lady and gentleman understand their own feelings towards one another; and a far more sensible plan is to consult only their own happiness, than to defer to the senseless custom of asking "What society thinks?" At any rate, both the lady and gentleman are of undoubted high social standimg, and are very well able to judge correctly for themselves; therefore it would be wiser on the part of acquaintances to repeat no silly stories, or to assail the motives of either party.

A gay and novel Jewish wedding will take place, it is expected, early in September. Two young ladies, sisters, will be wedded to two young gentlemen, brothers, and the oldest young man will marry the youngest sister. The young gentlemen are residents of this city, and the young ladies' home is in New York.

I walked along Kearney street last Saturday afternoon on my way to the Bush Street Theatre, and I must say, that the toilets displayed by my young lady friends were truly worthy of note. Miss S——n wore an elegant black silk suit, trimmed with small fans of printed foulard satin. Miss B——m had on a suit composed of heavy gendarme blue cashmere alternated with the same colored satin; a coat with long tails, made of dark-blue and gold brocade; a fine black chip walking hat, trimmed with white Spanish lace tied around the crown, and a *ponpon* of blue satin ribbons at the side; the simple, yet elegant hat was very striking and became her stately figure. Miss L——s in a curious mixture of gray chuda cloth and pearl silk, looked bright and summery. Other suits attracted my attention, but the young ladies above named, carried off the palm for elegant as well as becoming attire. JAY ESEL.

Local Lines.

Y. M. H. A. attention! "When the Cats away the Mice will play."

THE picnic of Columbia Lodge, I. O. B. B., will be held at Badger's Park, Sunday, July 11th.

THE fifth anniversary social of the Excelsior Club will take place Sunday evening, July 4th, 1880, at B'nai B'rith Hall.

REV. M. S. LEVY, of San Jose, has kindly accepted an invitation and will lecture at Dr. Messing's Synagogue, on Saturday, July 3d, 1880. The subject chosen being "Israel's Mission."

B'NAI B'RITH Hall bore a look of gayety last Sunday, the occasson being the marriage of Mr. Adolph Cohen to Miss Martha Rotenberg. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. A. J. Messing.

GOLDEN Gate Social Club has elected the following officers, viz: Jos. P. Joachimsen, President; A. Lipman, Vice-President; M. Gumpel, Secretary; J. Kron, Treasurer; L. Wolf, Sergeant-at-arms. The club intends giving an entertainment shortly.

THE public installation of the Y. M. H. A. of Oakland, will take place June 27th, at Germania Hall. The following ladies and gentlemen will take part in the literary exexcises, Miss Minnie Calisher, F. E. Bernstein, Henry Streit, and others.

A PLEASANT affair took place on last Saturday evening, at "Gamba Retreat," Alameda. The opening ball at the hotel was one of the most enjoyable affairs of this, the beginning of the summer season. Many co-religionists were present, and altogether the re-union passed off satisfactorily,

At a meeting of the Arcadian Club, held June 17th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Henry Haussman; Vice-President, B. J. Wertheimer; Recording Secretary, J. L. Krambach; Financial Secretary, Aaron Harris; Treasurer, J. Falkenstein. The club rooms are at present closed, and will be re-opened July the 1st entirely re-fitted on the occasion of the installation of officers.

WEDNESDAY proved a gala day for the children of the Jewish Orphan Asylum. At an invitation from the proprietors of Woodward's Gardens, and under the care of Mr. and Mrs. George Braham, they resorted in a body, fifty-four strong, to the gardens and there enjoyed their summer holiday. At noon, a bounteous lunch prepared by Mrs. Braham was indulged in, and at half-past four o'clock the children returned to their home. The children were transported gratuitously to the gardens by the Sutter Street and City R. R. Cos.

THE second annual moonlight ride to the Cliff House, tendered by the President of the Y. M. H. A. to the Board of Directors, took place last Saturday night. The start took place at 8:30 from the rooms of the Association, the wagon and four horses were decorated with flags and banners, and created quite a stir as the turnout passed along Market street. Arriving at the Branch House, the company consisting of about fourteen gentlemen sat down to a well-ordered collation. Toasts, speeches and good wishes were exchanged until about eleven o'clock, when the party returned highly gratified at the bounteous manner in which the host, Mr. Max Popper had entertained them.

THE entertainment under the auspices of the Young Mens' Hebrew Association, will take place at Saratoga Hall on Tuesday, July 15th, and not on July 14th, as first announced. Tom Taylor's celebrated comedy of "Still Waters Run Deep" will be performed, with the following cast, composed entirely of the members of the Association: Mrs. John Mildmay, Miss Jennie Steinman; Mrs. Hector Sternhold, Miss Eugene Rosenheim; John Mildmay, Mr. Eugene Davis; Hawksley, Mr. Moses L. Tichenor; Sotter, Lionel Brooks; Dunbilk. Mr. Theo. Steiner; Gimlet, Mr. Nathan H. Frank; Jessop, Mr. A. G. Faulkenstein; Langford, Mr. E. Wineburg; Markham, Mr. J. L. Krombach. The evenings entertainment will conclude with a dance. During the coming week the Committee will prepare the invitation list.

The marriage of Mr. J. Solomon to Miss Rebecca, daughter of M. Selig, President of the Congregation Temple Emanu-El, took place last Sunday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, 826 Mission street. Dr. Elkan Cohn performed the ceremony. The decorations were in good taste, consisting of a large marriage bell composed of white camelias, roses and pinks, and around the rooms were arranged in profusion garlands and bouquets. The wedding dinner was served by Mr. Seiz, of the Concordia Club, and was a masterpiece of the culinary art. The presents were numerous and very elegant, consisting in the main of silverware. Among the gifts presented to the now happy wife was a handsome pair of bracelets, richly set with diamonds, and of an entirely new and artistic design. The bride looked charming in a white satin princess en train, elaborately trimmed with orange blossoms. The hair was tastefully arranged, and to the veil were attached sprigs of orange blossoms, extending in clusters its entire length. Miss Sophie Selig, sister of the bride, wore a handsome white silk with coattail basque, short skirt with puffed plaits and crushed roses. Miss Tillie Selig, youngest sister of the bride, wore an elegant white organdie and satin dress. Mrs. M. Selig, mother of the bride, wore an elegant black silk, en train. The following were the guests:

Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn; Messrs. and Mesdames M. Selig, B. Solomon, N. Myer, S. Wolf, G. M. Kutz, M. Rosenbaum, A. Newman, N. Schœline, M. Myerfeld, M. Clayburg, L. Wichelhausen, D. Wolff, L. Rosenberg, Banner, M. Brandenstein, L. Cahn, J. Brandenstein. Messrs. M. Steppacher, Nath. Selig, Isidor Selig, J. Koppel, A. W. Myer, N, Solomon, Jo. Koppel, M. Koppel, L. Poly, Simon Clayburg, J. Selig, L. Selig, J. Poly, E. Gunzburger, D. Sachs, J. Silverberg, N. H. Frank, B. Selig. Misses Sophie Selig, Tillie Selig, Teresa Koppel, Louisa Koppel, Henrietta Myer, Gertie Solomon, Frances Myer, Yetta Steppacher. Mrs. S. W. Lederer.

Desultory.

Perhaps no city in the world affords a greater opportunity to note the various modes of table-etiquette as practised in restaurants than San Francisco at lunch time, say between the hous of eleven o'clock and mid-day. The humble ten-cent coffee saloon, and the twenty-five cents a meal-resorts, are not the places to make one's observation; but the higher priced, and consequently higher toned restaurants, or as may be preferred the French Rotisserie are the spots to lunch at. Let us select one place of popular resort, the proprietor may be "one of our people" at any rate, his chief custom say, is composed of gentlemen who sell clothing; but at wholesale, who deal in merchandise of all sorts, and who, at this time of day, meet their fellow clerks or competitors to compare notes and discuss the noon-day meal. The place is crowded, not a seat to be had, save on the third table where two gentlemen are occupying a table designed for four diners; yet their hats and canes are placed upon the other two chairs, and when you gently approach to sit down at the same table, and with an expressive and pathetic look glance at the encumbered chairs. Mayhap a growl, or even positive inattention meets you, or worse still, one of the party will inform you that friends will be here presently to join them, and the seats have been reserved for them. You gently and submissively walk off not without noticing the sly nudge and smile the interlocutor has given to his friend, complimenting themselves perhaps, at the business-like manner in which the objectionable person was got rid of. A seat is at last obtained. You glance around you to find some distraction while awating your meal. Horror of horrors! directly before you sits a young man, handsome, jauntily dressed, and bearing about his person the stamp which should proclaim him one of the favored in this world's goods. Trembling for his safety, you watch the reckless manner in which he twists his knife into his muoth, brandishing his fork in his other hand, keeping time to the pitch and roll of the knife. Interested in the whole bearing of the youth, and the fearlessness of his manipulations, you become interested in him and listen to what his conversation may be like. A pastime with which he occupies himself between the intervals of each gulp. "I say Abe, where were you last night?" An attack on the loaf of bread beside him, which, by a twist with both elbows in the air, and a vigorous pull with both hands is dexterously beheaded. "Oh! At the club. How much did you loose?" A good part of the bread disappears as the shining teeth meet, and the other piece is laid at the side of his plate. "Win? What did you play, poker, priancle, billiards or solo?" Another attack at some edible which needs no cutting silences both. Your attention is attracted to the table on your right, a group of diners are enjoying their after-dinner coffeee, and are, no doubt, discussing the prices of the commodities they have for sale. The conversation seems happily to be progressing, they assume various positions, the gentleman nearest the door tilts his chair back so that the narrow passage-way is obstructed, and those who wish to pass must go clear around the table. Suddenlo an uneasy expression passes over the countenance of one of the group. It remains unnoticed by the others who are too intent upon the subject in hand. Your uneasy *vis-a-vis* raises his forefinger and calmly inserts it into his nostril. You look surprised at the dangerous operation; if he continues he will certainly sneeze, and so rude an action the gentleman is certainly incapable of. You look again, a calm smile has overspread his face, the hand drops on the knee, and the only perceptible motion is a quiet, placid rolling of the thumb and forefinger.

These are heights of impudence which can only be attained by persons, who, like their charitable intentions to yield a profitable result. Last week a Jewish gentleman no longer young, yet desireous of earning an honest livelihood, applied by letter to two or three ladies, stating that he was destitute, but would be willing to instruct, for a small sum, a certain number of pupils in Hebrew, German and mathematics. The several offers he received were as follows: One lady offered to give him five dollars per month; his duties being to instruct three lads, and one little girl in Hebrew and German, the time devoted to their studies to be two hours daily. At a hasty estimate the compensation would amount to about ten cents an hour. Another was to teach in a family of four children, in return for which he would be allowed his apartment free. Other offers of a like liberality were held forth by munificent ladies. Truly a destitute gentleman is the only person who has no right to expect fair renumeration for the drudgery he is asked to perform.

While dining at a friend's house, the other day, one of the party was attacked with hiccough, which were cured in a novel fashion: A knife was put into a glass of cold water, and then he was told to drink a drop or two of the water slowly, looking, at the same time, at the point of the knife under the water. The cure was immediate.

A new and certainly ingenious method of writing one's dancing engagements has been recently introduced at picnics. The materials required are, a pencil, small enough to hold in the palm of the hand, and perfectly clean cuffs. As soon as the young ladies' willingness to dance the fifth dance ahead has been ascertained, stand before her, unbare the immaculate whiteness of your shirt-sleeves, and deliberately write her name on the cuff. Your laundryman will be your only confident.

Rev. Dr. Lilienthal.

This Sabbath will be a gala-day for our Cincinnati brethren in particular and a day of sympathetic rejoicing for our co-religionists in general. The congregation B'nai Israel in the Queen City celebrate on that day the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. Dr. Lilienthal's ministry in their midst. An event like this deserves our full attention and appreciation.

The words of congratulation which will come in from all quarters of the globe to do justice to the above named congregation and honor to their venerable, noble and all-beloved teacher will be the true outpouring of lasting respect and genuine admiration. May the God of our Fathers preserve the congregation B'nai Israel in her well-earned glory, and bless them with the illustrious guidance of their shepherd for many and many years to come!

Our venerable friend may well look with pure pride and satisfaction upon the shining milestones of a career distinguished by the halo thrown around his scholarly attainments, as well as by the grand success as a leader and organizer in the camp of Israel.

We refrain from amassing words of exbuberant praise in behalf of our habpy and august friend. If there is anything which surpasses even his noble traits of the accomplished scholar and brave leader, it is his thoroughbred modesty of the real gentleman. We, therefore, say no more, and will give vent but to that sacred sentiment and blessing of old: "Mayest thou behold the children of thy children and peace reigning of Israel!"—*Jewish Tribune of June 18th.*

The world is the great tempter, but at the same time it is the great monitor. It stimulates our pride by its pomp and show, its fleeting horrors and prizes; it goads men to the race and inspires them with covetousness and rapacity; but on the other hand, it is the great memento and evidence of its own vanity and of the emptiness of everything it offers to us. It is the great saddener, the great warner, the great prophet.

Sympathy comes near and speaks low. It does not shout through a tin trumpet and hail a mourner from the top of a passing omnibus.

Music and the Drama.

Bush Street Theatre.

Business at this house still continues to be good, and has thus far proven that comic opera with good mounting and liberal expenditure can be made to pay. Mr. Locke has been fortunate enough to secure a good second in the person of Mr. M. Joyce to represent him in front of the house, for certainly Mr. Locke is shrewd enough to know that much of the success of a theatre is owing to the treatment received at the hands of the person who attend the duties of Treasurer. "Boccaccio" has again shown that Miss Emily Melville is an artist of the very best type, her graceful acting, and always apropos by play, as well as her excellent vocalization bring her rounds of applause nightly. Mr. Freeman has toned down considerably, and makes his character less obtrusive. The same can be said of Florence J. McCarthy who has improved in make-up, and shows signs of having used his own ideas as to the impersonation of a Medevial barber, and throwing some of Mr. Weil's instruction to the winds, however, we would suggest to Mr. Florence J. McCarthy that he taboo the elephantine dance with which he regales his audiences while singing his pretty serenade. The Misses Lily Post, Gracie Palisted, Marion Danforth and Sylvia Gerrish although only amateurs, are progressing rapidly in the favor of their audiences by their really good singing. Miss Post particularly, showing what hard study can accomplish; it is owing to her singing that the finale of the first act is redemanded.

Baldwin's Theatre.

Unlike the Bush Street Theatre, the business at this house is anything but satisfactory, in spite of the report of the daily press. Mr. Maguire is certainly deserving of praise for many things which he has done in the theatrical profession, but unfortunately, he is more sinned against than sinning; he has always contrived to gather around him a set of totally incompetent and ungentlemanly sattelites who represent him in the box-office. The present incumbent, we believe, is a young nephew of Mr. Maguire, who had better be sent to a place where he might learn to use the English language unmixed with slang and profanity, and be made to observe, at least, the outward semblance of a gentleman. As was predicted, Miss Neilson's engagement has not been a success financially, the high price charged being a serious objection, although her characterizations have been fully equal to her former efforts. She has been excellently supported by a good company, and the plays have all been mounted with a care and attention to detail, worthy of the experience of the Stage Manager, Mr. R. Eberle.

Tivoli Gardens.

This place of entertainment has entered into a new season of success, owing to the very excellent production of "Girofle-Girofla." Miss Moore is at her best in this character, the music being suited to her somewhat intractable voice. Mr. Gates is certainly the best Marasquin rince Charles Drew's time, he sings the music delightfully, and acts the part for all it is worth. The chorusis are good and strong, their numbers being given with a verve, and abandon delightful to listen to.

Fraternal Societies.

As it is intended to make this column of general interest, communications upon subjects contained therein will be gladly received and impartially treated.

I. O. F. S. I.

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of Sacramento Lodge, No. 102, at Sacramento: President, J. H. Simon; Vice-President, L. J. Lithauer; Recording Secretary, Benjamin Wilson; Financial Secretary, P. Nathan; Treasurer, S. Lorya; Tyler, P. Cohen.

At a regular meeting of Concordia Lodge, No. 101, held Tuesday, June 22, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term; Ex-President M. S. Meyer: President, S. Regensberger; Vice-President, I. S. Lang; Treasurer, Charles Brown; Recording Secretary, A. Blumenthal; Financial Secretary, E. Ellman; O. G., H. Goldschmidt.

Knights of the Golden Rule.

An informal meeting of the persons who are to organize a Castle of the above Order met at Friendship Hall, Pythian Castle, 913 Market street, in this city, last Saturday evening, and took steps to introduce a Castle of the Order. The new Castle, which will be instituted tomorrow evening in the above hall, will be comprised of some of our best citizens. Its object is to secure to the beneficiaries of the members such sum or sums as the members may designate, the amounts ranging from $500 to $5,500. The plan is an improved one, and appears to be meeting with favor from all those to whose notice it is been brought. The initiation fee for those joining at present will be seven dollars, but the amount will, of course, be raised after the Castle is instituted. Full particulars can be had from John H. Harney, Deputy County Clerk, Hon. H. L. Joachimsen, and others.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are, for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and of that they assume.

The States.

NEW YORK.—Drs. Cohen, Tansky and Pordheim, read papers before the recent Medical Congress.

A WELL-KNOWN Gentile of this city recently donated the sum of $500 to a synagogue on Sixth avenue.

ELI B. FELSENTHAL, a student at the Union Law College, has been awarded the Horton's prize.

THE departure of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Steiner for Europe was the occasion of a perfect ovation tendered to them by an impromptu reception held on board the steamer *Lessing*, which bears Mr. and Mrs. S. on their journey. The Board of Directors of the Jewish Home presented Mrs. Steiner, whose incessant labors for the welfare of the institution have marked her as its strongest pillar, with tributes of esteem and affection as well as several beautiful souvenirs. The affair was decidedly pleasant and the compliment worthily bestowed.

DETROIT, MICH.—At the recent laying the corner-stone of a Unitarian church in this city, Dr. Zirndorf was one of the orators, and the trustees of the Beth-El Congregation, always liberal spirited, have tendered the Universalist society the free use of the Temple until the completion of the church.

INDIANOPUFIS, IND.—A new Lodge of the Independent Order B'nai B'rith is at present agitating our people.

EVANSVILLE, IND.—Rev. Dr. Vidavir, for four years the efficient Rabbi of the Congregation B'nai Israel, has just been re-elected at an increased salary.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The examination of the class in the higher branches of Hebrew Literature, of the Hebrew Education Society, which took place June 6th, proved satisfactory to all those connected with the institution.

Foreign.

England.

AT the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, one cadet took nearly one-half the prizes for mathematics, mechanics, fortification, artillery, military history, drills and exercises, as well as a special medal for proficiency and the regulation sword for good conduct. He writes his name "M. Nathan."

Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG.—M. Poliakoff has sent the sum of 25,000 roubles to the Czar, for the establishment of a factory in which Jews shall be taught useful handicrafts. The Czar, in accepting the gift and in thanking our co-religionist for his philanthropy, expressed an opinion that a subscription should be opened by the Jews generally towards the same object. At St. Petersburg alone 85,000 roubles have been subscribed towards M. Poliakoff's scheme.

Germany.

THE "Borassia" Society of Students of Breslan, have decided not to admit Jews nor Christians, who were originally Jews, or are the sons of Jews in their society, the third generation decended from Jews may be accepted as members.

THE Emperor of Austria has granted an hereditary patent of nobility to Commercial Councillor Eugene Landau, of Berlin, in recognition for his services in relieving the distressed sufferers from inundations at Szegedin last year.

AT the sitting of the Imperial Parliament on the 4th ult., Herr Günther, Deputy of Mürnberg, condemned in strong terms the attacks which have been made on the Jews, and expressed the wish that the instigators should be proceeded against with same severity as has been dealt out to the Socialists.

France.

THE Supreme Council of Public Instruction, re-constituted on an absolutely new basis, numbers among its members a few co-religionists. One of them is M. Eugéne Manuel, Inspector-General of Public Instruction, and another M. Heinen, Inspector of Primary Instruction.

M. HINSHIN, Doctor of Letters, has been appointed Professor of Greek Literature, at the Faculty of Letters at Dijon.

A Rare Pet.

Several days ago a lady living on Brown street heard a bird cry, as if in pain, in the yard outside the door, and upon investigation found a young humming-bird in the talons of the family cat. She promptly rescued the tiny fellow and found it to be but little hurt, though enough to warrant her taking an interest in its convalescence. She took it into the house and kept it till the next day, when, on taking it to the door to let it go, the bird flew up into a tree and refused to go farther away, finally returning to her hand. Charmed by the confidence displayed by the pretty creature, the lady took it fully in charge, and since then has fed and cared for it as for any other feathered pet. The bird is of a beautiful russet gold in color, seems to know its benefactress, and has charmingly coquettish ways. It permits its mistress to handle it without exhibiting fear, and seems to enjoy being stroked and petted. When it gets hungry it makes a plaintive call, and is then fed from a fresh petunia, into whose depths have been sprinkled sugar, moistened with water, in imitation of the honey that is the natural food of the bird in freedom. The bird enjoys its meal with gusto, and calls for about twenty of them daily. It is very seldom that one of these dainty birds is caught, and still more rarely is one kept alive. to say nothing of becoming a pet, as is the case with the one spoken of.—*Cincinnati Gazette*

Correspondence.

From the Yosemite.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, June 8, 1880.

MR. EDITOR: At your suggestion, I give you some of my impressions of the getting to, and of scenes in, this more than Alpine region. Of our ride in the sleeper from Oakland to Madera, 185 miles, made in eight hours, and of our quiet rest in the same sleeper till five A. M. Saturday, I need only say it was all that we could desire. Starting at six with twelve passengers in a mail coach, something like a circus band carriage, the first peculiar feature on the wide prairie was a wooden flume constructed by a mill company for floating lumber from Fresno mills to the railroad. Near this we rode about 20 miles, sometimes under it, as it is supported by timbers. Leaving sight of it, we found it again at a distance amid the grand pines toward evening. Its length is fifty miles or more. Down this is floated the boards to Madera. Had the company been building now for the first time, for their lumber from Fresno, they would have doubtless built a narrow-gauge railroad, as the flume can carry nothing up its flowing stream.

Through forests of stately pines and cedars we attained a height of five thousand feet above the ocean, and then descended in the cool evening 1,000 feet, passing the remains of snow drifts, reaching Clark's Station, 66 miles from Madera. Here the roaring of the waterfalls of the south fork of the Merced lulled us to sleep amid magnificent pines pointing to heaven so reverently. The snow-crowned mountain-tops, that we had wondered at for hours, and the snow on the hillsides, and a rushing cascade in sight, gave us a cool and delightful Sunday.

On resuming our journey we crossed on a bridge the roaring river, and began anew to admire, not the towering trees and mountains only, but almost as much the engineering skill and alignment and grades of the mountain passes that had made our ascent and descent on Saturday so captivating—bringing, by its sharp and frequent curves, constantly some new vision of beauty. From seven A. M. to two P. M., we ascended to "Summit," 6,000 feet above the sea; and descended with perfect safety, 2,000 feet to the valley; passing "Inspiration Point," where the valley was first discovered in 1852, which was selected by Bierstadt and other eminent artists as the best point for a general view of the valley; passing, also, the "Bridal Vail," four miles from the hotels, falling 900 feet, a higher fall on the left hand of the valley as we descend, directly opposite us, as rivals for the world's admiration. But the "Vail," being female, very suitably is the most symetrical and attractive. Frequent water-falls, smaller than the last two, had drawn our admiring gaze all the morning, as well as the snow-white tops of a distant mountain.

Through the waters of the Bridal Vail and of the other beautiful cascades our carriage must pass, and we were surprised at the amount of the water as it rushed by us over the rocks as tributaries of the Merced. This rapid river is half encircling Bernard's Hotel. Ours, Black's, is just in front of Yosemite Falls. We look to it from our door, and wonder, as we see it pouring from almost the tops of those eternal walls of granite, and ask: "Can it be possible that that fall, 2,634 feet above us, is 20 feet wide as it rushes first into our sight?" Yet, so it is declared by those who have stood beside it as it takes the mighty plunge. This is in *three leaps*, all now in plain sight; the first, 1,600 feet; the second, 534; the third, 500. From our door, also, at the west extremity of these converging walls, parallel on our right and left hand, is seen "Cloud's Rest," crowned with snow, 6,150 feet above us.

The Yosemite is one of eight of those beautiful falls varying in height from 400 to 3,300 feet. The Nevada and Vernal are one stream, separated in their descent by a bunch of rocks. The perpendicular of one is 700; of the other, 350 feet.

The granite walls on either side of us, with their marvelous peaks, spires and domes, vary from 3,000 to 5,000 feet; and Mirror Lake reflects them so that they seem as perfect, and as far below as above us. "Seeing is believing." Happy will be all your readers who see them e'er their work is done and they enter into rest!

Considering the perfection of the roads over these rocky hills, and the expense of making and repairing them, and the expense of finding the fifty horses that brought us so safely, under careful drivers, to this out-post, 88 miles, I cannot complain of the prices demanded from travelers. And the hotel-keepers deserved our thanks, rather than our fault-finding, for their endeavors to meet the wants of all their guests. True, the trip to the valley from San Francisco is expensive; but few, I am sure, who wisely count the cost before starting, will find that they have paid too much for a life-long pleasure. J. P.

Washington Letter.

CLOSING WORK OF CONGRESS—CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF THE APPROPRIATION BILLS—TALK ABOUT THE CANDIDATE—THE LITTLE CHURCH HE ATTENDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14th. 1880.

Legislative business is being pushed with considerable energy, as the day of adjournment approaches, but the appropriation bills are receiving much more deliberate consideration than it has been customary to give them in the feverish final days and nights of a congressional session. The important work of Congress has not been postponed until the last forty-eight hours of the session, to be rushed through with wasteful haste, as has been too frequently the case with past Congresses.

The House will meet at half-past 9 o'clock to day, for the purpose of considering the joint rule in relation to the counting of the electoral vote. Mr. Bicknell, who has charge of the subject, hopes to be able to pass it, but the Republicans express a determination to resist it to the end. The Democrats have not enough members here to make a quorum, and all the Republicans have to do is to withhold their votes and the joint rule cannot be adopted. The failure to pass this joint rule will not in itself prolong the session. There are members, however, who do not believe that the necessary business will be completed in time to enable them to get away on Wednesday. They think the time for adjournment will be extended until Friday or Saturday. Of the three appropriation bills yet to be disposed of, the Sundry Civil bill and the Agricultural bill are in committees of Conference, and the Deficiency bill will be sent to a committee to-morrow. There is a good deal of trouble with the items in both the Sundry Civil and the Agricultural bill.

Motions may be made at any time in the House now to suspend the rules, and it is probabie, therefore, that several important measures will be acted on. There are many bills which would recieve the approval of the majority of the House if they were permitted to be brought to a vote, but under the rules a single objection prevents it. The single objection is, however, of no avail on a motion to suspend the rules, and any measure that two-thirds will agree to can have a chance of being voted on.

The expression with reference to the Chicago nomination among the ten thousand residents of the District in Government employ, who will vote in their respective states next November, are almost identical with those upon the nomination of Governor Hayes four years ago. A large majority would have preferred Blaine or Grant, just as they hoped that Morton, Conkling or Blaine would be nominated then. But it cannot be said that there is real dissatisfaction with the ticket; on the contrary, there is a very general belief that General Garfield will make a very strong candidate, and poll the full strength of the party. The Chicago nominee is, of course, very well known in Washington. He is, I believe, the first candidate for the chief magistracy who has belonged to the religious denomination of which the late Alexander Campbell is supposed to have been the founder. The church which he attends in this city is a very small wooden edifice on Vermont Avenue, the only one of the denomination in Washington, and it is under the charge of Rev. F. D. Power.

Bright Things.

"Bob, what's steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right—compare it." "Positive boil, comparitive boiler, superlative burst."

Authors are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."

It is a mean farmer who, in order to get his hired men quickly away from the house to the field will start 'em on the run by sending his boy ahead to blow a dinner horn.

A railroad man accused of drinking lager beer while on duty calmly assured the superintendent that he was the victim of color-blindness and supposed that he was drinking water.

A new book is entitled "A Manual of Etiquette and Dress of the Best American Society." Any one at all curious to know how editors dress and behave should have a copy of this work.

A Toronto alderman, of the typical ample dimensions, wandered around for a while on the first day of April with a placard across his back inscribed: "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

Some time since the New Haven *Register* asked how the goat could be worked over into oleomargarine. The thing can't be done, since the goat is a real butter, and none of your cheap imitations.

Emerson says everything is good if a man leans on something higher. We differ from Emerson. The good man leans upon a staff which is lower than he. It is the bad men who take the higher lamp-post for support.

"Howe's Cave!" yelled a brakeman as he entered an Albany and Susquehanna car at that station. An old gentleman sitting near by him, jumped up and answered "Pretty well, thank you. Let's see; where did I meet you before?"

The Fiji islanders were very much disgusted with the corsets worn by the last lot of female missionaries sent there. The hungry but ingenious natives say that if white women are to have as many bones as a shad it really doesn't pay to import them.

A portion of the clergy oppose the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. These disciplinarians are possibly of opinion that the man who marries twice and is afflicted with but one mother-in-law, has more happiness here below than is good for man.

Professor Proctor dilivered one hundred and thirty-six lectures from the time he arrived in the United States, last October, to the date of his sailing from San Francisco to Australia, on the 12th of May. The gross receipts were fifty thousand dollars, with a clear profit to the lecturer of some fifteen thousand dollars.

Happy are we when the flow of our thoughts is not turbid and defiled. With many it is usually or often thus, and with all it is sometimes thus.

If wise men are as high grounds where the springs rise, ordinary men are the lower grounds which their waters nourish.

Pacific Coast.

CITY.

The Supreme Court has finally declared the McClure Charter unconstitutional.

The Board of Supervisors have passed to print the order fixing the levy for city and county purposes at $3,356,922, being taxation at the rate of $1.43 per $100. Last year it was $1.37 per $100. The levy includes $324,000 for water.

The Board of Freeholders, in drafting the new charter, are making a sweeping reduction in the clerical force allowed the city officials and the salaries to be paid. A member of the Board says truly, that the vice of past municipal administrations was that four men were employed to do the work of one.

STATE AND COAST.

A slight rain commenced falling at Tucson, Arizona, on the evening of June 19th, followed by a steady rain. The degree of temperature was 103 in the shade.

The steamer *Alex. Duncan* was beached below Gray's dock at Astoria, last Thursday afternoon, for the purpose of removing several fathoms of netting which had wound itself around the propeller while crossing the bar. The steamer had to return to Astoria under full sail, the propeller being useless, and was detained one day.

Eastern.

There are 97,000 miles of submarine telegraph cable in operation.

Thursday, June 3d instant, was the nineteenth anniversary of the death of Stephen A. Douglas.

Some 2,000,000 young shad were last month emptied into the tributary streams of the Delaware river.

During the month of May, 900 vessels arrived at New York from foreign ports, being the largest number of entries in a single month.

Nearly 1,000 physicians from every state in the Union were in session in New York city last month at the thirty-first meeting of the American Medical Association.

Henry Bergh has been presented with an elegant gold badge, set with diamonds, as a mark of personal esteem and friendship felt for him by the executive committee of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

At Titusville, Penn., June 11th, a 20,000 barrel tank of oil was srtuck by lightning. The oil took fire, and before it was extinguished property valued at $1,500,000 was burned.

Dr. Ruffner, Superintendent of Schools in Virginia, having announced a six-weeks' institute for white teachers at Charlottesville, and for colored teachers at Lynchburg, quickly had responses from over 600 who wished to attend the former.

Mr. J. W. Drexel of New York City has permanently loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of Art his valuable collection of 2,322 ancient, Roman, Greek, and Egyptian coins in gold, silver, bronze, and glass. It is estimated to be worth about $30,000, and is of rare educational and historical interest.

Railroad travelers will wish that the smoke, gas, steam, and spark consumer may be applied to all locomotives. It was recently tested on the Old Colony Railroad of Massachusetts, and not only met all that was claimed for it, but showed that it would save $1,200 a year in fuel for each locomotive, besides preventing them from setting forests on fire.

There is always something refreshing in the Annual Brewers' Convention. At the meeting just held in Buffalo, a resolution was passed commending all honest efforts to check the evils of intemperance, but it was followed by another deprecating the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry into the alcoholic liquor traffic, which would suggest the most intelligent check to those evils.

Foreign.

At least 30,000 of the Lancashire cotton-mill operatives are now idle on account of strikes.

The Great Eastern Railway Company of England are daily conveying and delivering sea-water to their customers in London.

Dr. Samuel Wilks, an eminent English physician, in a recent lecture in London on "Overwork and Underwork," had no hesitation in saying that more people suffered from want of occupation than from overwork.

The 42nd Cocoa and Coffee house has been opened in Liverpool, England. The proprietors have enlarged the sphere of this successful effort to counteract the influence of the gin-palace and the beer-saloons by providing accommodations in it for sober and cleanly lodgers.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.

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Where can I get good shoes? is a question daily asked by thousands, and if satisfactorily answered they should be very grateful, for in these pinching times when money is scarce a place where good work can be guaranteed and where the prices are in accordance with the times, should be kuown to all. At the establishment of the Messrs. Lesser Brothers, 828 Market street, can be obtained any description of Boots and Shoes, of both home and foreign manufacture, and from the very large assortment of goods in their stock, the most fastidious can be pleased. Messrs. Lesser Brothers have stores in various sections of the city, and by a system of square, honest dealing with patrons, they have been rewarded with large sucess, their new Market street store having been opened in obedience to the demand of their down-town patrons. Purchasers are cordially invited to call and compare.

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The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Children's Corner.

Speaking Plain.

The arithmetic class stood in line in the school-room, slates and pencils in hand, and Squire Curtis was on the platform by the teacher listening to the recitation. Squire Curtis was one of the trustees, and the most faithful one among them, for he never suffered two weeks to pass without making a call at the school to see how the youngsters were getting on with their lessons. Sometimes he happened in at spelling time, and sometimes at the reading hour; then, again, he would be on hand to hear the recitations in geography or history, or to give them a little practice in the rules of arithmetic.

This morning he had given Harry's class a very long column of figures to add.

"You may go to your seats," said Mr. Ropes, "and do the adding while I call another class."

"Mine ain't a bit like yours," said Walter Burns, Harry's seat-mate, speaking without permission of course.

Harry said nothing, but worked away at his figures.

Walter turned over the pages of his Greenleaf. "Here's the very sum," he said in a whisper as he compared the lines on his slate with the book. "Squire Curtis didn't give it to us out of his head; he copied it right out of the book, and here's the answer. I'll make mine right in a jiffy;" and the answer given in the arithmetic was soon copied on his slate.

"Look here! yours isn't right, old fellow," he said, again looking over Harry's shoulder. "You've got a six there, and it ought to be a four, and an eight where it ought to be a three. What a little goose you are to fuss away, adding up that great long row, when here it is as plain as day before you."

But Harry was an honest boy. He knew it was expected of him to do the calculation himself, and it would be like telling a lie to copy the answer out of book. So he worked away, going over the columns three times very carefully. But he couldn't help remembering about the figures Walter had said were wrong, and, when, after the third trial, they came just as Walter said they ought to, he could not help being glad. And yet there was a little feeling in his heart that he had not been exactly honest. What should he do about it?

Just at that minute Mr. Ropes called the class forward for their answers. Each boy read his figures from his slate, and all were wrong but Walter and Harry. Walter was chuckling to himself over his good luck and little trouble; Harry holding quite a discussion with his conscience.

"I know, boys," said Squire Curtis, "'twas a pretty hard practice for you, for the lines were longer than you are used to, and I don't wonder that you didn't get the figures all right. Once adding so long a row is never enough to make sure of a correct answer. You ought to go over it about two or three times, beginning first at the bottom and adding up, then at the top and adding down, and if the answers agree, you may be pretty sure you are right. I'm glad we have two boys who get us the right answer. You didn't look in your book for it, boys, did you?" asked the squire.

Walter shook his head for no, but Harry blushed and hesitated. All at once it flashed thoough his mind about the man whose tongue was "loosed" by Jesus so that he could "speak plain."

"I'll 'speak plain:' I don't want any 'impediment' about me," thought he; and out it came.

"I didn't look in the book," said he, "but I knew what the right figures were, and I worked and worked till I got 'em. But if I hadn't known I don't believe I should have got 'em all right." Harry spoke very distinctly.

"How did you know the answer if you didn't look in the book?" asked the teacher.

"I don't like to tell, if you'll please excuse me," said Harry; but Mr. Ropes understood from Walter's confused and trembling looks the truth.

"I did work it all out myself, sir," said Harry; "I added the lines up three times, but if I hadn't known the answer I shouldn't have done that. I didn't try to find out the answer, and yet I couldn't help knowing it; but it seemed like a lie, after all, so I felt I must tell."

"You are right, my boy; you have made an honest confession. It is good to clear your conscience. If at any time you have the least shadow of a feeling in your heart that you haven't told the whole truth, never rest till you've turned your heart inside out."

"But he hasn't told the whole truth, squire, for he hasn t explained how he found out the answer," said Mr. Ropes.

"Well, but you see, Mr. Ropes, how it is. I do. He couldn't tell that without exposing somebody else, and he does n't want to tell tales. I hate a tell-tale; so do you. This little chap has told the whole truth about himself, he's set himself right; and now if there's any boy in the class that knows the other part of the story, and don't tell, why, he'll have a load on his conscience that won't be pleasant to carry. This little boy has spoken 'the truth in his heart' this morning, and God bless him."

Poor Walter hung his head and held up his hand to speak.

"What is it, Walter?" asked his teacher.

"'Twas I told Harry the right figures. I wasn't looking for the answer, and just happened to see that the sum in the book was just like the one on our slates. But I know Harry worked it all out himself."

"Did you?"

It was with a great effort, but the words came out, "No, sir."

"I'd rather be Harry Ford than Walter Burns," said Mr. Ropes. "Who thinks as I do?"

And every hand went up.

Death of General John A. Sutter.

The telegraph announces the death on the 18th, in Washington, of a man who was the central figure in the great monetary revolution which occurred near the close of the first half of the present century—the discovery of gold in California. On the 2nd of July, 1839, General John A. Sutter, with ten Americans and Europeans and eight Sandwich Islanders, landed at Yerba Buena, the former name of the city of San Francisco. He was, according to Cronise's "Natural Wealth of California," born of Swiss parents in Germany, and for a time served as a captain in the army of Charles X. in France. But disgusted with the false pretenses of society he set out on an expedition to the New World to discover some spot where life could be dreamed away. Such a character is not unusual in history. In fact whole races of men have been subject to the same notion. In 1834 Sutter was in New York. From that point he made excursions in search of his "promised land." By a series of remarkable adventures, though starting across the country for California, he arrived at San Francisco by sea. By land he brought up at Vancouver's Island; sailed thence for the Sandwich Islands; embarked there for Sitka, but was driven by stress of weather into the harbor of San Francisco. With his company he proceeded up the Sacramento river and founded Sutter's Fort, near the site of the present city of Sacramento. What transpired in relation to the discovery of gold is thus narrated in Tuthill's History of California, page 232:

"On the 10th of January, 1848, Marshall observed some glittering particles in the race, which he was curious enough to examine. He called five carpenters who were at work on the mill to see them, but though they talked over the possibility of its being gold, the vision did not inflame them. Peter L. Welmar claims that he was with Marshall when the first piece of the "yellow stuff" was picked up. It was a pebble weighing six pennyweights and eleven grains. Marshall gave it to Mrs. Welmar, and asked her to boil it in Saleratus water and see what came of it. As she was making soap at the time, she pitched it into the soap-kettle. About twenty-four hours afterwards it was fished out and found all the brighter for its boiling.

"Marshall, two or three weeks later, took the specimens below and gave them to Sutter to have them tested. Before Sutter had quite satisfied himself as to their nature, he went up to the mill, and, with Marshall, made a treaty with the Indians, buying of them their titles to the region about for a certain amount of goods. There was an effort made to keep the secret inside the little circle that knew it, but it soon leaked out. They had many misgivings and much discussion whether they were not making themselves ridiculous, yet, by common consent, all began to hunt, though with no great spirit, for the "yellow stuff" that might prove such a prize."

Previous to this great event Sutter had founded quite a settlement, which he called New Halvetia, in memory of his native land. He had grown wealthy in lands and cattle, was building a mill, and was the head of the community. But the discovery of gold brought in pell-mell upon him the civilization from which he had fled. The gold-hunters in the first months of the gold excitement arrived destitute of everything. To all that were suffering, General Sutter extended a helping hand. He was unfitted for the civilization which he had quitted. The landed property which he had acquired before the discovery of gold ought to have made him an arch-millionaire. But it slipped through his fingers. He was not equal to the task of holding his own in the fevered scramble for wealth which raged around him. In time he lost all. For several years he was in receipt of an annual allowance from the State of California. But the watch-dogs of the Treasury, who are unwilling to allow anybody a crumb but themselves, after a short period cut him off. General Sutter was recently an applicant to Congress for a pension. He was 77 years of age at the time of his death. He was a kind, benevolent gentleman. Nobody in distress ever applied to him when he had means, for assistance in vain.—*Bulletin.*

"Talk is cheap!" "Is it? Just hire a lawyer once."

A nice distinction.—Housekeeper to milkman: "My friend, you put water in your milk." "Oh, no, I don't ma'am." "But I am sure you do." "Oh, no, ma'am" "Now will you say solemnly that you do not put water in your milk." "Well, ma'am, well, I must say that I sometimes put water in the can, and put milk in that, but I never put the water in the milk."

The unexpected invariably happens in a Colorado court. During the calling of a new panel of the petit jury recently, seven men asked to be excused from service. Among them was Newton Adams, gambler. "Why?" asked the judge. "I am a gambler." "You are a common gambler, are you?" added the judge. "Yes, sir," said Adams. "Well, you are excused." Then, turning to the sheriff, "Take this man in custody." The look of blank astonishment which settled on the features of Adams's face amused the court loungers. He went out with the court officers, and returned in a few hours with Alexander Lewis as his bondsman. When the identity of the bondsman was established, six writs for indictments for gambling found by the grand jury were immediately served upon him. Lewis was surprised in his turn.

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The Finest Quality and Latest Styles of Custom Work Neatly Executed.
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If you desire a clear complexion, and your face free from
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Extract of Herbs from Abyssinia and the Red Sea Coast.
To satisfy patients of the efficacy of my treatment I will make two or three applications FREE OF CHARGE.
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A PEN THAT WILL NEVER WEAR OUT; that will not soil the hands or blot; that holds ink enough to last the average writer a week, and dispenses with all the old writing materials of the dark ages, that has been adopted by over EIGHTY THOUSAND "knights of the quill" in this country and abroad.
Nothing ever before invented to equal it for convenience and rapidity of work. BE CAREFUL THAT THE INVENTOR'S NAME (**O. MACKINNON**) IS STAMPED ON THE BARREL OF THE PEN YOU BUY.
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Useful Inventions,
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At that time its history was, in brief, and in round numbers, as follows: The acceptance of
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So distributed over the healthful sections of the United States, Canada and Europe, that the most favorable average results of mortality are obtained—the receipt of
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Policy, (issued May 25, 1869)	$10,000 00
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Total Premiums (11 years)	5,594 60
1. Cash value, May 25, 1880 (The policy-holder having been insured for 11 years for $10,000.)	6,455 80
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3. Or the policy may be continued for $10,000, the premium for 1881 will be reduced to about $175, and the policy will finally mature on the payment of the 20th premium.

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